

# CANADIAN HOSPITAL

## NEWS

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### Christmas Morning

What is it to my heart  
This Christmas morn conveys ? What glad'ning thing  
Is ev'ry rustling breeze soft whispering ?  
What glowing secrets do their songs impart ?  
Of Canada—God's Canada  
They gently sing !

They tell it to me low ;  
The longing in my heart men may not see,  
But aye, fast bound in stoic armoury,  
I hear the Christmas bells across the snow,  
Loved faces smile through misty wreaths  
Of memory.

In Canada they wait ;  
No speech can tell—not e'en a pond'rous tome—  
What million prayers rise to the vaulted dome  
Of Heav'n, for glorious Peace, Love's bruised mate.  
God ! Heal her soon ; her golden voice  
Shall call me home.

DOROTHY L. WARNE,  
G.C.S.H., Ramsgate.

### Yuletide

DOWN from the starry dome long, long ago wafted the angels'  
song wondrously sweet. The heavenly messengers heralded  
the advent of the Prince of Peace.

For unto us a child is born,  
Unto us a son is given ;  
And the Government shall be  
Upon his shoulders :  
And his name shall be called  
Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God,  
The Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Strange sentiment, surely, as introduction to a Christmas message  
in Nineteen-Sixteen ; in the third year of a world war ; in the  
din and clamour of nations in mortal conflict. After nineteen